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THE *Lehigh* REVIEW



❖ WRASSLIN' ISSUE ❖

- PREVIEW OF THE EASTERNHS
- LOWDOWN ON GRACE HALL
- LETTER FROM EUROPE

— Twenty Cents —

HERE'S
ROY CONACHER
(No. 9),
HIGH-SCORING
FORWARD OF THE
BOSTON BRUINS,
WORLD
CHAMPIONS
of '39...



IN THIS ACTION SHOT he's come in like a bullet from an express rifle...he takes a pass. But the opposition's defense stops him—this time.

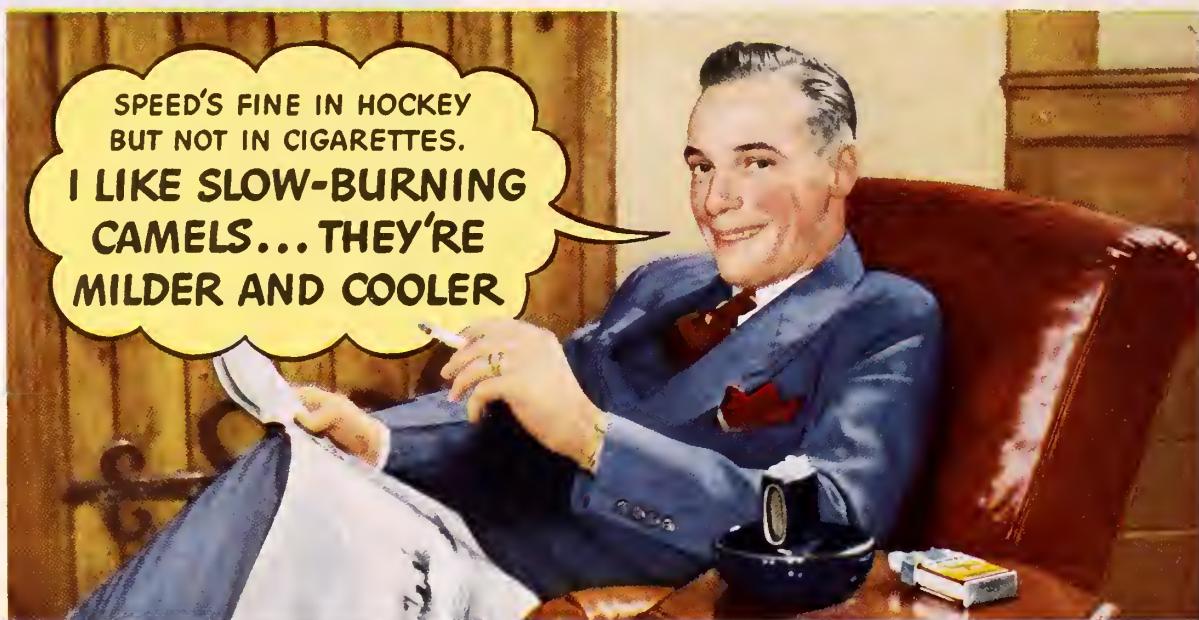
HE'S AWAY! He burns up the ice—a spectacular solo dash...nimbly he dodges the defense ...draws out the goalie and scores.



AGAIN a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic...and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

His hockey's fast and hot!

BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING
CIGARETTE FOR MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS,
AND FLAVOR



When it's easy-chair time after the hockey match, you'll find Roy Conacher of the Bruins enjoying a milder, cooler, more fragrant, and flavorful cigarette...Camels, of course.

"SPEED'S fine in hockey but not in cigarettes"—Roy, how right you are!

Research men may use fancier language—but they say exactly the same thing about cigarettes.

Scientists know that nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of fragrance and flavor so mercilessly as—*excess heat*. And cigarettes that burn fast also burn *hot*. Your own taste tells you that.

Slow-burning cigarettes don't burn

away these precious natural elements of flavor and fragrance. They're milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler!

And the slowest-burning cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was Camel...they burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 others. (See panel at right.) Why not enjoy Camel's extra mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor? And extra smoking equal to 5 extra smokes per pack. (Again, eyes right!)

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5

EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

CAMELS SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCO

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Passing in Review

● MR. GALBRAITH AND MISS THOMPSON

We were leaning over the table in the Brown and White lab, reading the funnies in the **Philadelphia Inquirer** and minding our own business, which is in the slack season right now, when Fred Galbraith breezed past us asking us did we read Dorothy Thompson's column in the **Herald Tribune**. We said, "no", not too guiltily and he said, "Well, you ought to read it. Do you some good."

So we managed to pick up a copy of yesterday's **Herald Tribune** and there was Miss Thompson on page 21. She said, "Young men and women of the Youth Congress, permit me to ask you some questions regarding your organization, which a careful study of the newspaper reports of your congress has failed to answer in my mind. Believe me that I raise the questions in no querulous spirit."

Now, when Miss Thompson raises her questions we raise our eyebrows. In our pocket dictionary a querulous person is one disposed to complain, which is what Miss Thompson says she isn't. She says things like: "an adult like myself begins to think: 'Either these kids are phonies or they're idiots.'" She says further, "If I were you I'd have a lot more respect for some fatherly words handed by the President of the United States than for a lot of soft soap ladled out by John L. Lewis". The motherly advice of Dorothy Thompson and the fatherly advice of Franklin D., an old friend of the **Herald Tribune's**, sort of leaves Mrs. Roosevelt out in the cold.

Now Miss Thompson says that she made a "careful study of the newspaper reports" and seems quite satisfied with the extent of her efforts. If she only reads the papers she writes for, she has a convenient, if peculiar, method of making a careful study. She might have, for instance, arranged to read the minutes of the convention. Even in our young years we found out that a newspaper is a hell of a place to go to for accurate information. If we were satisfied with reading only the newspapers we might have been led to believe, like Mr. Klein of the **Brown and White**, that the convention of the American Student Union was in favor of the Russian invasion of Finland.

But we happened to read a copy of the minutes of that meeting and read this:

The defeat of the anti-Soviet resolution by a vote of 322 to 49 has been signalized as a proof that the

convention was packed by Communists. This is incorrect. **The convention did not approve Soviet policy**. The delegates refused to pass the anti-Soviet resolution because they did not want to endanger ASU unity over this controversial issue, because they do not want to contribute to the tremendous wave of anti-Soviet hysteria which is seriously endangering American neutrality, and because they did not consider such a resolution would contribute in any way to the main job of keeping the United States out of the European holocaust.

This is hardly the attitude attributed to the ASU by the leading newspapers. Read the clippings from the **New York Times** in the **Brown and White**.

Miss Thompson's column is too full to go right through it for the inaccuracies and the false accusations, much less the unbearable sophistry of which she is the master. Perhaps we have devoted too much space to it already, but the lady does carry on so.

● AT THE CONCERT

Albert Spalding put the SRO sign out at Broughal high the other night. Nearly everyone was there. Drs. Williams, Congdon, Beardslee, Hughes, and Smith sat in the rear center. Dean Congdon had to peek over someone's shoulder. So did President Williams. Dr. Smith sat hunched forward, two fingers pushing up against his cheek and the other two folded underneath his chin. Dr. Hughes sat back with his head cocked and chin jutting out appreciatively. Dean Carothers was up on the balcony near us, staring at the ceiling as if he were thinking up a good synonym for diminishing returns. Professors Diefenderfer and Beck were sitting in the left side on the aisle—Diefenderfer staring straight ahead, while Beck was glancing inquisitively about the auditorium looking for some one he knew.

One of the most fascinating things in the whole concert was Don Schoen turning pages for Mr. Benoist, the accompanist for Mr. Spalding. The idea is that if you can read the notes you know when to turn the pages over. Our first acquaintance with the idea that notes mean something was in high school when he failed in music because we thought that the round dots with the sticks on them were to give the player an idea when he was supposed to go up or go down, and not much else.

Later, at our first Bach choir, we saw hundreds of people looking at the little black notes and most of them

THE *Lehigh* REVIEW

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Bethlehem, Penna.

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The Lehigh Review is published by the students of Lehigh University and is entered as second class mail at the Post Office in Bethlehem, Pa.

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The names of all characters used in short stories and serials are fictitious. Any similarity or identity of these names with actual names is entirely accidental.

were turning the pages at the same time. After carefully watching this phenomena, we decided to try a hand at the chapel. The upshot was that we, with several other note-reading by taking a course in music appreciation in accomplices, set finger to page on one of Dr. Shield's scores and tried resolutely to keep up with the Capehart. But of our little group, four scores and the Capehart, no one finished the same time as any one else. We were through first, then the Capehart, while the rest were straggling through pretty far behind. One time, while the phonograph was booming out Mozart's thirty-sixth, we were all the way up to his fortieth. We had almost given up the idea for good, but Mr. Schoen reawakens something in our hearts again.

● EASTERS TO COME

Mr. Fittkau's article on page 8 is the third of a series of wrestling forecasts started a few years ago when Fittkau collaborated with Rick Brown in trying to guess the outcome of the Eastern Intercollegiates. Last year Fittkau did the same trick with Messrs. Kost, Moravec, and Sheridan. Sum total of wrong forecasts for both years: one. This year our author is not bristling with confidence. Instead of sticking his neck out like a Christmas turkey, he is reserving the decisions to the reader, presenting what he thinks are the salient points of the argument. It would be a shame to break an admirable record by predicting the outcome of a none-too-certain lineup.

● AN EASY FIVE DOLLARS

The contest which the *Review* is sponsoring on page 19 is more than an attempt to get material for the pages of the *Review*. We are offering the small cash awards in an effort to make students realize the power of the pen. We'd like to see everybody take a shot at one or both divisions of the contest. If you have a friend who dawdles at a typewriter in the late hours, tell him to tack a name on one of his efforts and send it to us. There's five dollars in the coin of the realm waiting for the fellow with the best work.

● HAVE YOU WRITTEN YET?

It is now almost a fad to write letters to the *Brown and White*. Nobody never writes to the *Review*, except one or two post cards a month when somebody gets a copy of the *New Masses* instead of the *Lehigh Review* or doesn't get a copy at all which is usually the case. On page 16 of this issue we're printing several letters to the editor that people might write if anybody ever wrote to the *Review*. Bear in mind, of course, that all these letters are entirely fictitious and we made them all up by ourselves. Just the same, we bet they were lurking in the back of someone's typewriter long ago. This way we can't be sued.

Scene on the Campus



"**S**AY, Dick, there comes our candidate for the best dressed man on the campus." (The candidate is wearing a gray double-breasted chalk-striped suit with shell cordovan blucher shoes. That's a white broadcloth shirt of maroon pin-checks with a striped silk tie.)

"You two don't exactly look like potato sacks either," the candidate retorts. (Dick, up against the pole, is wearing a sport outfit consisting of a single breasted checked tweed jacket and solid flannel trousers. Fred, the gent with the pipe, plaid trousers and cashmere sweater, is wearing a raglan couvert sport coat with triplet stitching at the bottom, and a corduroy hat.)

The sweater jacket to the extreme right is made of wool in contrasting colors with an elastic shirred bottom. Of the two shirts, the upper is a boxed flannel with a short pointed collar, and a two-toned tie. The lower one is a striped broadcloth shirt with Foulard tie.

HOW TO PASS A QUIZ

Tuck a few texts in your coat, write a crib on your cuffs, and roll up a few more to fit into your vest pockets. Insert a small, but effective, mallet, or blackjack in your back pocket. Now walk boldly into the room nodding a casual good morning to the Prof. Take the exam paper and read it over with a cocksure air, and then write your name on the exam book. Now call over the Prof to your seat and engross him in a conversation that should be patterned after the following:

"Hey, Prof, do you see that cloud?"

"Yes, I do, Mr. Soandso."

"Well, don't you think it looks like a rabbit?"

"Why, no, Mr. Soandso, it looks like a whale to me although it does have the tail of a rabbit."

"Well, look at it now, Prof, it looks like a windmill!"

"So it does, Mr. Soandso, so it does."

Now is the time to take out the mallet (blackjack or hammer) and allow it to impact firmly but gently upon the skull of the Prof, causing him to go into a coma. Then take out texts, cribs, and notes, and write out the exam. When you see the Prof coming to, help him to his feet, expressing your sorrow to the fact that he fainted. Get him a glass of water and be as nice as possible to him. Hand the Prof your exam book and remark how easy the quiz was.

This simple but effective method is followed out by most of the "honor" men on the campus. Don't abuse it or tell too many people. There is such a thing as overdoing it.



Because Drusilla's breath was horrid
Men wouldn't even kiss her forehead.
But Pep-O-Mints so turned the tide
She gets more kisses than a bride.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

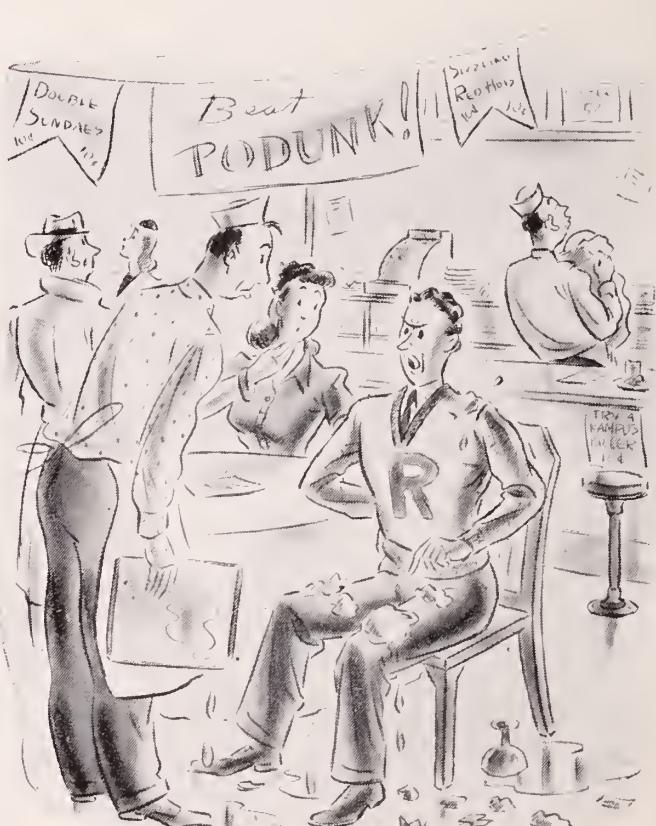
For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

"I saw something last night that I'll never get over."
"What's that?"
"The moon."

He: My uncle read Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.
Haw: What does that make you?
He: His nephew.

He would make an excellent soldier—just the type—strong, courageous, ready to step into any peril, never stops to question orders, he just carries them out. You know—a moron.



"I ordered chocolate ice cream—not vanilla."

The Nine O'Clock Club

125 EAST 54TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

The Smart New Rendezvous

Opens nightly at 7 P.M.

(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

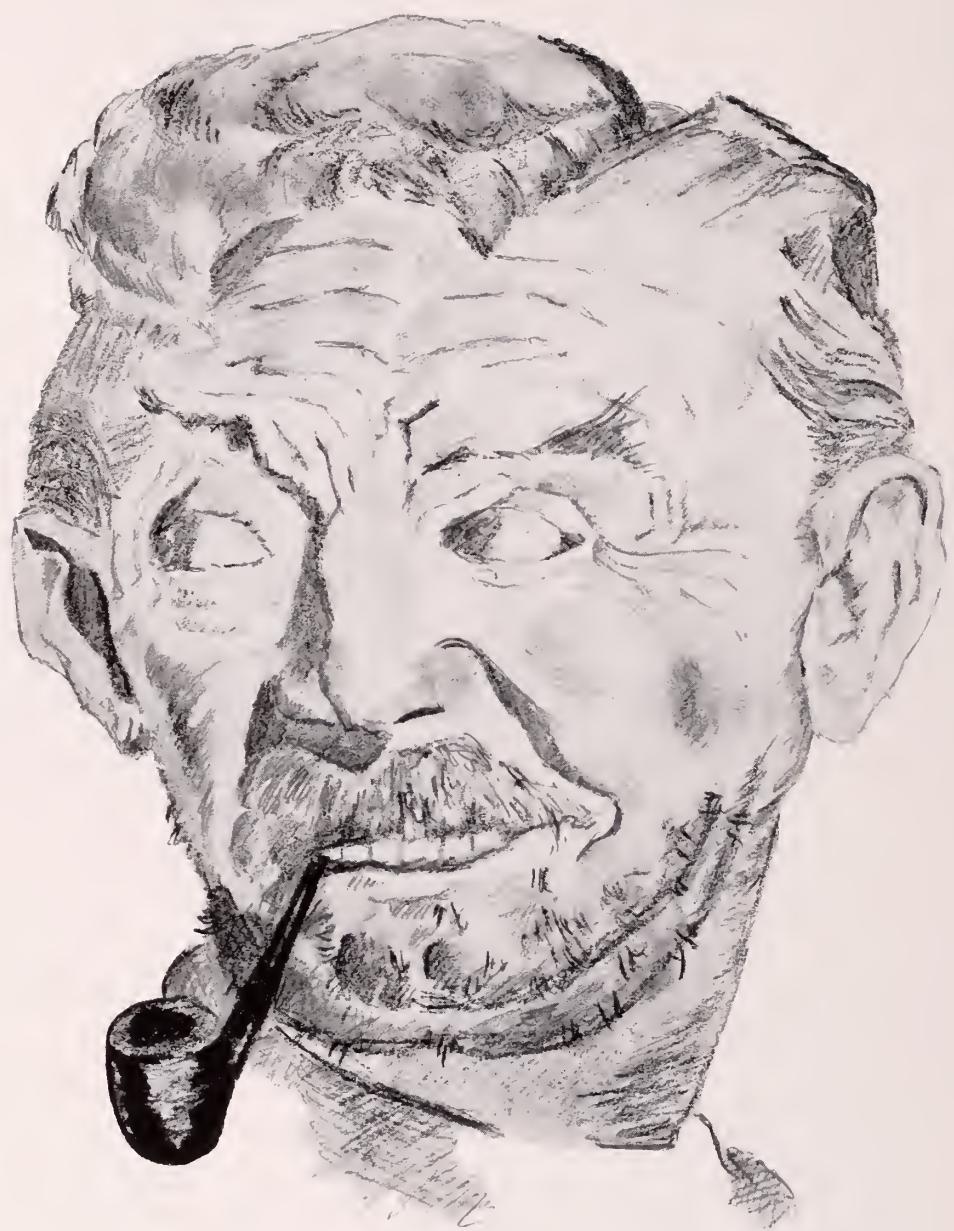
Serving a table D'HOTE dinner for \$1.50

REGARDLESS OF WHAT YOU ORDER
OUR CHARGE IS ONLY 60¢ PER DRINK

NO COVER or MINIMUM

CONTINUOUS MUSIC

Under personal
direction of
FRED ARMOUR



IL FURBACCIONE . . .

(literally, the old geezer)

by Roger Tambella, '43

Beta Kappa

The REVIEW Art Series . . .



Letter from Europe . . .

by Keiste Janulis, '38

A former contributor to the **Review** and the **Brown and White** writes from his own particular section of the Hell in Europe.

Vilnius, Lithuania
January 16, 1940

Dear Dale . . .

I don't know whether you still give a hang about where I am or what I'm doing but be that as it may, here I am in Vilnius, I've got a whole morning before me, and I feel like writing a long letter to someone so you're in for it.

Besides, there's always the probability that you'll never get it (did that Xmas card reach you?) but that's neither here nor there so let me tell you about what's going to be my home for a few months or until I get chased out by the Poles or the Russians or the Lithuanians or the Germans or the American Consulate.

First off, on whatever map you may have on hand it's probably down as Wilno but the Lithuanians claim it's been Vilnius since 'way back in the fourteenth or fifteenth century so here I am in Vilnius. And I'm tickled silly that the Russians handed it over because bridge and whist instead of bombardments and blackouts in Kaunas were beginning to get on my nerves . . . and I couldn't get the visas to get to Finland or even Estonia to have a look . . . so a change was just what the doctor ordered. And you ought to see this place!

Kaunas as a city is pretty much of a hole in the wall since it was only a little Russian village some twenty-odd years ago . . . but Vilnius was a going concern and the capital of Lithuania ever since the days when the crusaders

used to come up here to work out on the pagan Lithuanians . . . and for centuries it was a cross-roads for all the traffic between western Europe and Russia . . . so it's no end interesting merely to wander around and through the winding little streets.

And on top of that, no modernizing touch has been added here since about 1850 as far as I can see so all the houses and hotels have big tile stoves, gas-light, big drafty rooms with high ceilings all covered with scrolls and wreaths and things and three-feet-thick walls, fancy old Russian bath-tubs crawling with fat pink cherubs, many old Slavic coats-of-arms woven into threadbare draperies, and the streets are all ajingle with droshkies and sleighs instead of taxies.

(That last sounds like it's out of a travel folder but it isn't . . . and don't get any phoney impressions . . . this place is picturesque as all hell but in the winter you just have to sew on your clothes and stay dirty or die of pneumonia.)

And speaking of pneumonia reminds me of the weather. Brrr! Up until a few days ago we had a spell which hit as low as 37 below zero Centigrade or about 35 below on the Farenheit scale . . . and it wasn't much fun since the warmest room in the best hotel in town never got above 45 . . . and the warmest room wasn't mine! It seems that coal is worth its weight in bullets in Lithuania this year and there's a shortage of wood besides so there was nothing to do but to buy a bottle of brandy, put on my fur hat, and to stay in bed the better part of four days . . . wonder-

ing why the hell don't I go back to that steam-heated, insulated, weather-stripped paradise which is the U. S. A. and home.

But I survived and my compensation came on the day the spell broke. It seems that the cold had driven all the wolves over from Russia (or maybe it was the politics) and they've been prowling around the outskirts of the city for the past ten days, closer than they've ever dared come. So a bunch of us chipped in and hired a hundred beaters (incidentally you can hire a hundred men out here to beat bushes all day for less than \$35) and we went hunting the critters. The beaters took all the chances (getting shredded by a wolf or getting plugged by one of our party by mistake) and we just drank rotten vodka to keep from freezing and shot at whatever came along. But sporting or not, twelve of us shot eighteen wolves and I'm having mine skinned. If it stops smelling by the time I leave for home this spring I'll take it along to scare the living daylights out of my terrier and my mother.

Anyway, now that it's warmed up to zero or only slightly below, I spend my days poking around here and there through the city . . . and it looks like there'll be plenty of places to poke around in . . . old mansions, 500-year-old underground synagogues with secret tunnels, old museums filled with junk left by the ancient Lithuanian Grand Dukes (even Napoleon left a lot of stuff here on his way to and his retreat from Moscow), and the hock-shops.



WILL THEY REPEAT?

Carl Fittkau, Sports Editor on the Brown and White, launches into a fact-and-figure analysis of the Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling situation.

Reading Time—Until March 8, 9.

WITH the wrestling season half gone, already the eyes of both wrestlers and fans are drifting up Syracuse way to the high spot of Eastern wrestling—the Intercollegiates. As usual a favorite indoor sport, almost as popular as the bouts themselves, the predicting of the winners of the eight titles has started.

Last year, probably the most powerful team in Lehigh history dominated the scene to such an extent that even with injuries and weight shifts it seemed fairly certain that Lehigh would have little difficulty in maintaining its position at the top of Eastern wrestling. This year with no team in the league undefeated, the race is going to be tough and wide open.

Penn State and Lehigh appear to have the strongest teams, as far as general balance is concerned but all of the teams have individual stars who will make their presence felt in a large meet. Meeting earlier in the season in the Lehigh gym, State and the Brown and White turned in a 14-14 dual meet tie which was as close as the proverbial whisker. At the present time neither team has lost to a team in the league but Lehigh has lost to Navy and Penn State has been taken by Michigan, 16-14. Lehigh has beaten Yale, Kansas State, while Penn State has trounced three eastern rivals, Cornell 23-3, Syracuse

22-6, and also winning from Chicago.

Yale and Penn have been having their ups and downs since both teams met early in the season, with a much improved Penn Club tying Yale at 14-14. With that and the Lehigh defeat as the only black spots on the record, Yale has defeated Columbia, Army, Cornell, generally by lop-sided scores. Penn has had little difficulty in turning back Princeton and Columbia.

A highly touted Harvard team received a rude set-back as lowly Columbia, defeated by Rutgers, Lafayette, Cornell and Penn, setback the unbeaten Crimson 15-13. Harvard previously had defeated Army, Tufts and Princeton, the latter by a 23-3 count.

Kicking around at the bottom of the heap are Syracuse and Princeton along with Columbia. Princeton's only victory to date comes over Rutgers, while Penn, Harvard, and Penn State have twisted the Tiger's tail. Syracuse has dropped decisions to Cornell, Penn State, Columbia, Lafayette, while downing Rochester and Colgate.

Comparative scores never set up a champion, but individual performances give some idea of what the champions lineup will look like, barring weight changes by coaches and ever-present injuries.

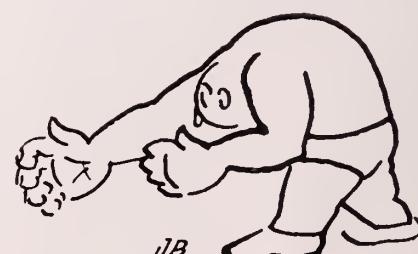
Hottest class in the Easterns this year should be 145, which title-holder Masem has evacuated in favor of the heavier class. One of the big threats in the class should be Joe Scalzo of Penn State, defeated only by Masem and the Michigan 145 pounder. Scalzo, defeated injured Masem in the Nationals, has had little difficulty in this class thus far. He has not met junior threat Bruce Richardson of Harvard who was

undefeated in two years at this weight until succumbing to Chadwick of Columbia in one of the biggest upsets of the year.

Richardson was unable to compete in the Easterns last year, when an attack of the flu two days before the big meet placed him in the infirmary. Included in his victims are Chuck Lee of the Navy and Yale's Gerber, another strong contestant in this class.

Warren Tischler of Penn has been highly regarded throughout the season going through the meets up to this time without a defeat until Carothers of Princeton surprised him and took a decision. These victories indicate that both Carothers and Chadwick will be ever present threats in this division. Joe Quinn, Lehigh sophomore, should be another strong contender in this class, as he gains in experience as the season advances. At any rate, draw and physical condition at the time of the meet will have much to do with bestowing the laurel wreath.

In the 155 pound class, Hal Masem, Lehigh captain, dominates the field with little indication of serious competition except from Gensler of Penn State. The latter has gone undefeated this season, when Masem dropped to 145 to mete Scalzo, against Eastern opponents although he was thrown in the Michigan meet. In the other three meets Gensler had three decisions, de-



feating sophomore Rich of Lehigh in overtime. Jim Trousdale, Cornell representative, has gone through the season with two decisions and two falls to maintain an unblemished record and he will make his mark in this class.

Barber of Columbia has defeated Thomas of Harvard and racked up two other falls and one decision to have the edge on the remainder of the field. Thomas of Harvard, Wescott of Syracuse, and Jacobs of Princeton, have unimpressive records, all of them losing a majority of their bouts.

Biggest question mark in the 165 pound class is Jim Daughaday of Harvard who won third position last year. With a record of one fall, two decisions, and one default thus far, he is undefeated and raising a hot pace in this division. However, he has not faced the same caliber of men met by other contenders in this division. Holt of Columbia has two decisions, two falls and only one loss, a default to Daughaday. In the advent that he has a recurring injury Holt may find himself quickly out of the running in the hard wrestling at Syracuse. Otherwise he can hardly be counted anything but a strong contender.

Rohrer of Penn State has only one loss to Michigan and a draw with Lehigh's Schrader, against one fall and three decisions to take his position as a major threat for the crown. Schrader rounds out the competitors in this field with two decisions, a draw with Rohrer, and a loss at Navy. Heckstein, Penn wrestler, was looked on with favor early in the season, but he has had no success this year and must be relegated to the background along with the other contenders in this class.

Bortz of Penn State and Zarrow of Columbia will be the big guns in the 175 pound class. In five meets neither man has been defeated. Bortz has one fall and four decisions, four victories against Eastern opponents, while the Columbia sophomore has three falls and two verdicts. Stickney of Penn and Brenneman of Lehigh will be the dark horses in this class, with both hovering on the edge of weight classes. Stickney wavered between 165 and 175, had success in both notches. Brenneman has appeared at heavyweight and 175, with one victory, one draw and two losses, one in each class. If Brenneman stays in the 175 pound class, and there is every indication that he will, he should

create fireworks and may possibly be another Lehigh sophomore to bring back the bacon.

Most ironic feature of the heavyweight class is Donald Jamieson's setback by probation after a number of coaches had prophesied that the Princeton sophomore would be an odds on favorite for the title this year. The absence of Jamieson leaves this division a wide open scramble for Yale's second Pickett, Syracuse's Hopper and Penn State's Elliot on the outside.

George Hooper took second place last year behind Chief Boston of Harvard, and is undefeated this year with four falls and one decision to lead the pack. He is followed closely by Lawrence Pickett, undefeated junior with

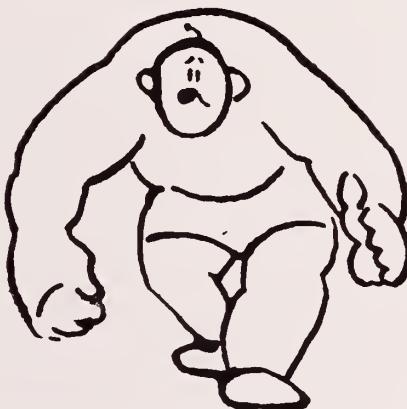
camp by Lehigh's Carcione, who in turn has two victories and one loss to Kansas State. Another Lehigh contender peaking into the 121 section is Edwards of Lehigh who made his debut losing to powerful Landreth of Navy. King, who replaced Hess in the State lineup to defeat the Michigan representative, will be a big threat in this class. He wrestled at this spot last year, but probation kept him out of action in the first semester this season.

The entire apple cart may be upset by the return of Mathers, last year's winner in this class from the 128 bracket where he is now wrestling. The Cornell champion is having some difficulty staying at 128 so this appears to be a remote possibility.

In the 128 pound class Mathers has wrestled once and had one fall. Laggan of Penn has remained undefeated via one fall and three decisions to make his presence felt, but Princeton should make their biggest threat in this division with both Eberle and Harding available. Harding, champion two years ago, displaced by probation from his reigning position in this class, and a former title holder at 121 in his sophomore year, had been wrestling at 136 with mediocre success. His presence in this class, however, would make him a definite threat. The change seems quite likely inasmuch as Laggan has registered a victory over Eberle. King of Penn State may also pop into this class to warm things up a bit. At least another major threat in this class will be Lehigh's unobtrusive Bailey who has been marching along steadily without a defeat thus far. If he can maintain his present pace he may very well march himself right into the title.

The 136 pounders have undefeated, returned, titleholder Gleason of Penn State to contend with in making a bid for the crown. Four falls and two decisions give the State man a clean bill,

page twenty-two, please



three falls and one decision to his credit. Elliot has one fall, three decisions and a draw with Brenneman of Lehigh, with a loss to Michigan's heavyweight, for his record to date. The remainder of the heavyweights have shown little thus far and this trio should finish in the money, probably in the order named. Lehigh, without a big enough man for heavyweight this year, can gain considerable advantage in this class if Hooper and Pickett can reduce Elliot to third position.

In the lightweight classes, the 121 pound division is as open as a whistle. Ted Schoenberg of Harvard has been undefeated with three falls and two decisions against comparatively weak opposition. Taubman of Penn, former Wyoming Seminary wrestler and another sophomore star is the other undefeated wrestler in this class with an identical record. However, tougher opposition would shade him above his Harvard rival.

Hess of Penn State has one fall and three decisions, but he was taken into



The Path of Glory . . .

. . . led but to the gravy for J. Bronson Jones who became a national hero while unconscious

by Ed. Klein

FOR once in his three years at the University J. Bronson Jones, Jr., left the fraternity with plenty of time to make his eight o'clock class. In fact he figured he had time enough to go out of his way long enough to procure the weekly ration of gasoline for his not-too-new and somewhat asthmatic Ford. With which thought in mind he pointed his jalopy in the general direction of Fred's Friendly Service, where if you knew Fred you didn't have to pay for your gas until Dad's check arrived at the beginning of the month.

To any passerby who favored the vibrating but swiftly moving roadster with a second glance, Jones probably appeared to be just another student at the University. And appearances weren't deceiving. He wasn't an athlete or an activities man, he was well-liked but not well-known, he had the average amount of spending money and wore the prevailing type of clothing. After the second glance the hypothetical passerby within ten seconds undoubtedly had forgotten all about J. Bronson

Jones and his jalopy.

J. Bronson Jones, whom most of his friends called Bronnie for obvious reasons, had to pass Amalgamated Steel Tube and Rolling Mill on his way to Fred's Friendly Service and this mill like most of its kind had gotten into the habit of changing shifts at eight o'clock. This policy bearing the full approval of the Steel Workers' Local No. 106, the Steel Producers Association, the State Bureau of Industry, and the United States Department of Labor. And as he had passed this way many times Jones's detached gaze from behind the wheel of his bouncing Ford failed to detect the unusual air of tension that was circulating freely around the milling mob of the changing shift.

But even if he had noticed the disquieting attitude of the makers of steel, he could not have been psychic enough to fathom that this was the morning of all other mornings the International Union of Labor has chosen to dispute the forty hour week. The night before Worker Gjerkis Olesewski delivered verbatim a hot speech which he had received straight from Moscow via Uncle Sam's efficient postal service, but not knowing this Jones could hardly be expected to know that Steel Workers' Local 106 would resent the International Union of Labor's attempt at economic reform.

The first indication of violence that penetrated to Jones's conscious mind was a paving brick which managed to carry away most of what remained of the jalopy's windshield. This was very disconcerting to J. Bronson Jones who was much more used to less lethal missiles such as ping pong or tennis balls. The Ford broadsided to a stop and Bronson started to pick slivers of glass out of his herringbone sport coat. If this was the proletariat's idea of a practical joke he was not amused.



While Jones was shaking the glass splinters out of his hair, a scrappy little she-wolf clambered over the door of the car and started to smight our young collegian hip and thigh. He turned around, making ready to give this unusual woman the heave-o when he saw, descending from back and beyond, a rather large pipe wrapped in what seemed to be, in a fleeting glance, friction tape. The car, the woman, and the steel mill began to spin around him in ever-widening circles as he lost his grip on consciousness and sank to the bottom of the car.

Eons later the haze drifted away and he felt himself still pinned to the floor. He struggled to get enough room to take a swing at his captive, but before he could get in a few licks, his disabled vision cleared up and he made out the figure above him. The figure gradually assumed a uniform of starchy white and all the equipment that usually goes with a nurse.

His befuddled mind failed to grasp more than the essentials of what had happened so he went back to sleep. Several days later he woke up again and felt well enough to read the accumulated newspapers. He was rather surprised to learn that he was a national figure.

The conservative *Morning Times* expressed it thusly:

J. Bronson Jones, a junior at Tuttle University, was attacked and suffered a concussion of the brain and facial lacerations at the hands of a mob of demonstrating workmen at the . . .

The *Evening Sun* reported that:

Bronson "Bronnie" Jones, prominent junior at Tuttle University, was severely injured at the hands of a rioting band of dissenting steel employees while he sought to reason with them. Young Jones evidently hoped to show the mob the folly of their action when he was struck down . . .

The *Daily Gazette* contended that:

"Bronnie" Jones, Tuttle University's most prominent junior and a one hundred percent American, lies dying in the hospital as the result of ruthless manhandling by Red rioters who were seeking to terrorize Amalgamated Steel.

CHAIRMEN of the WORLD'S FAIR

by Howard Connor

As press notices for the 1940 World's Fair come out with the first thaw of Spring, the **Review** presents a working man's account of the last one.

GROVER Whalen's New York World's Fair was entering its second month when a host of college men descended upon it. It was the beginning of a carnival spirit which grew as each succeeding month passed and caused the Fair to end in a blaze of glory featuring a "Mardi Gras of Tomorrow."

Personal contact with Fair visitors was the predominant part played by college men as hundreds of them obtained positions as guides. Greeks and non-Greeks, men from large Eastern universities and small Western colleges, others from the South and Mid-West presented a cross section representing all phases of college life. From All-American football players at Mississippi State down to publication heads at Lehigh came men whose duty it was to explain the various exhibits, buildings, grounds, and amusements to the approximately 125,000 persons who came through the turnstiles each day.

As the first collegiate touch to the Fair made itself felt, early Fair goers were witnessing the finishing touches to the transformation of Corona's once unsavory dump. Millions of tons of Metropolitan refuse had been buried under a layer of green-sprouting top soil and the wonderland that was the World's Fair had taken its place. The dream of Mr. Whalen's architects, however, was not yet a reality and these early-June visitors, who were for the most part New Yorkers, showed a paternal interest in the Fair by admiring the "spectacle" on the left as a group of construction workers went by on the right.

As each day passed more and more buildings and exhibits were completed. New restaurants, bars, concessions, and amusements sprang up giving the entire area a dynamic appearance. The Fair's daily progress toward completion was noticed in particular by the group employed as guide chair oper-

ators. This all-collegiate aggregation, 700 strong, cruised about the grounds during the various shifts pushing an enlarged, comfortable, streamlined wheelchair or driving a slightly larger, battery-driven, motor-powered vehicle.

Dressed in gray flannel trousers, white shirts and blue jackets with gold buttons, and wearing wide-brimmed sun helmets, guides would pick up customers and take them to any part of the grounds. They would explain en route, a thousand and one things connected with the World's Fair. Night and day through heat waves and cloud bursts they were continually on the go, picking up and discharging customers, and explaining over and over again that section of the "World of Tomorrow" which happened to be nearest.

The chair guides were the most homogeneous group of Fair employees totaling nearly 35,000. Before and after work scores of guides would band together and take in any of the numerous attractions in the Fair grounds. Their off-hour activity was centered usually in the Amusement area where their employee's passes were honored at all concessions. Guides, because of the nature of their work (calling for close contact with visitors) were, in sort, critics. Their recommendations of a certain exhibit or amusement feature usually carried great weight. Managers of various enterprises, were anxious, therefore, for the guides to become acquainted with the nature of their shows. As drinking and smoking were

forbidden during working hours, the hapless guide would try to make up for lost time during his off hours. Members of the day shift were off duty early in the evening; the night shift was through at 2 a.m. As a rule a quorum of guides was to be found on the Fair grounds when the bars closed at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The typical guide was a senior in college who was not desperate for money but was working merely to pass the summer profitably. Employment at the Fair afforded innumerable sources of pleasure. As a rule groups of five or six guides got together and rented an apartment, usually in near-by Flushing. With this as a focal point they led a life to be envied by many Fair employees who worked at more serious and, at the same time, less lucrative professions.

Guides liked their jobs. The environment fitted in nicely with their collegiate philosophies of life. As soon as they were off duty the hard grind of the previous eight—or more—hours was forgotten. They lived in the present, and they had lost any time consciousness because of the extreme irregularity of their hours of work, they gave little thought to the future. They were the pick of more than 2000 applicants for guide positions. They felt self-satisfied and were proud of their jobs of selling a sorely-needed service to Fair patrons.

Despite the hiring inclinations of the concessionaires, getting a job as a guide was not easy. For most of the applicants it meant standing in line under a blistering sun for almost eight hours and being subjected to a scrutinizing third degree by the personnel manager.

Applicants were hired if their twelve-inch application blank had favorable material written on it, if they weighed over 160 pounds and were 6

page twenty-three, please

Scoop!Scoop!

PLANS FOR GRACE HALL

Scoop!Scoop!

ARCHITECTURE by DICK GOWDY, LIBRETTO by H. J. LEWIS

AFTER months of dickering and jabbering back and forth, the LEHIGH REVIEW is finally able to come out with the only exclusive, *unofficial* plans for Grace Hall. We sent our man Kenneth snooping around the president's office, the files of the Brown and White, and finally to the site itself, where he found a group of Bethlehem children throwing large rocks at the foreman.

The main reason we were not able to come out with these unofficial plans before this time was because there was a strange reticence concerning Grace Hall that was evident everywhere about the campus. For the longest time, Kenneth was kicked from pillar to post, trying like the dickens to get the real dope for the REVIEW. Late one afternoon, however, he bribed one of the janitors with a bottle of vodka and a pickled herring and gained entrance to the office of one of the prominent officials about the campus. Kenneth streaked for the waste basket where all the important information is usually kept and lifted this blueprint from the basket, after first hanging his coat over the picture of Asa Packer. Kenneth says Asa Packer was his grandfather, but we don't believe him be-

While the Brown and White fumbles with wild guesses, the **Lehigh Review** scoops the entire journalistic world with the first **unofficial** plans of Lehigh's new gymnasium

cause once we met a fellow down at Princeton who said his father was Neil Carothers.

The janitor, under the influence of the vodka and the herring, confided to us that he had heard from the woman who does the floors in the administration building that they were going to put wheels under the gymnasium so that we could always take it with us and never have to worry about wrestling meets away from home.

When Grace Hall is constructed, it will be overlooked by Richards and subsequent houses, and probably by every sports writer in the country except John R. Tunis, who is now being sued by several influential alumni.

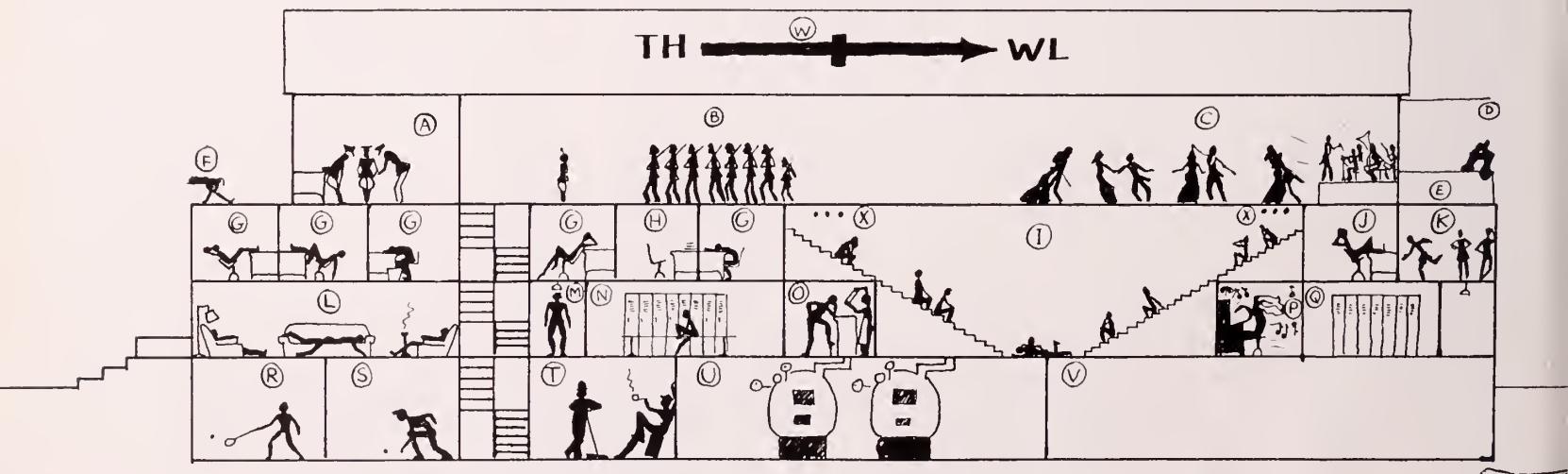
For the convenience of our readers we have labeled our side view of the

proposed building. It should be helpful in finding your way around.

A—This is the room where plots are hatched. There is a little two-plot incubator under the table and a larger deluxe model in the side cupboard. In case of war the plot-hatchers can be dismantled and used as hotbeds of propaganda. The men in the military department, as you can readily see, wear their uniforms all day long to be ready for any emergency. This might include a flank attack by the New Street Gang. At the moment they are playing mumble-peg with a rusty bayonet blade.

B—Here we have a rather threadbare group of warriors, industriously trying to keep in step with each other. There was some talk for a while of putting a signboard up on the wall, flashing out right and left alternately in the correct cadence, with a special lever for doubletime and another one to be used in case of fire. But investigation showed that the sign did not solve the major problems of most students, which is the differentiation between the right and the left foot. To a freshman probably both feet look the same.

C—This is only a representation of the crowds that come to Lehigh dances. At the big dances, of course, there are



more than ten couples for each couple we see on the drawing. The architect just put those little people in there to make the blueprint interesting to the faculty. Blueprints can become very uninteresting sometimes. Ballroom dancing will be tolerated here, since this is a free university, but jitterbugs cannot be held responsible for any injuries they might inflict while charging through the crowds. For the chaperones there will be overstuffed chairs that tip over backwards at the touch of a button and empty into the Crystal Springs Ravine.

D—This is a little 75-watt moon that one of the trustees picked up in a five and ten. He thought it would be a nice thought for the promenade, so he shipped it in with the payment on his deferred tuition. The moon will make a nice addition for the dancers as it spreads its silvery glow over all, while the meter ticks along merrily in the basement (U).

E—This is the promenade itself, the very reason for the moon. In the present plans there will be a chaperone every twenty feet, to be recruited from the ranks of the instructors in chemical engineering. If anybody is caught holding hands the guard will be doubled. If too many guards disappear, the system will have to be changed.

F—Here we have a little military precaution against Reds. The gun emplacement was donated by the Brown and White and is manned twenty-four hours a day, in eight-hour shifts, by the editorial council of that newspaper, headed by Kenneth K. Kost. The school should be proud that there are still men with enough faith in their country to find it worth protecting against alien forces. Results to date: One Lehigh Review salesman, one student from Catasauqua, two crows, and an old mastiff bitch named Arthur.

G—These are the offices of the assistant directors of athletics at Lehigh. As can be noticed readily, all are deep in thought. The athletic department also wishes to announce that they would be glad to receive any old copies of "Doc Savage" that fellows might have lying around in their rooms. They say they know of some really deserving cases. Also if anybody knows where you can get a second-hand copy of "How to coach all kinds of Sports",

please slip a note under the door of the athletic offices. The students are asked not to knock on the doors.

H—This is the office of the Director of Athletics.

I—A combination basketball floor and wrestling stadium. For wrestling they have collapsible grandstands that they can fold up and put in an old hat box. When spread out, the bleachers and everything else, including the chandeliers, will hold some 1,675,193 spectators. In order to save space and money, and also to give the spectators a thrill, it was decided to use only one basket on the basketball floor. This should make a much faster game and more of the type that Lehigh is used to. Of course, the basket will be a Lehigh basket, to settle all arguments, and all the field goals will count for Lehigh. This lends weight to the rumor that they were putting wheels under the building.

J—We moved Bart up in the building because there is too much noise and confusion over in the old gym. Bart needs time to think up new contests. As a gift from an anonymous alumni, Bart has a genuine antique Spanish gold chest, full of gold medals of all kinds. While Bart is ruminating, there is going on in . . .

K—a backward jumping with one leg contest. The other two fellows are taking part in a contest called "Chew the Cracker". The first one to eat a pound of oyster crackers and whistle the Alma Mater backwards gets, of course, a gold medal.

L—This is the recreation room where our athletes retire to catch up with their homework. In this room you can see three boys catching up with their homework. According to the architect, these do not really represent Lehigh men, but merely serve to illustrate the utility of the furniture.

M—This is a shower. That's simple enough, isn't it? For a quarter extra you can get one with mirrors.

N—Instead of the usual four-bit system with the two Irishers, now we got lockers where you put a half dollar in the beginning of the year and you get your key. Every time you lock the locker you get the fifty cents back again. It's all very silly.

O—This is a bar room. It was the architect's own idea and it's supposed to be a secret. The architect used to go to school when all the athletes trained like Tony Galento. According to him, "We ought to go back to the good old days."

P—The sanctum sanctorum of Dr. Shields, our hot jazz expert, is also contained in Grace Hall for some reason. It's probably because the band practices there. That's a good enough reason.

Q—These are the lockers for the visiting team. They are equipped with sponge rubber hooks and false bottoms. Behind the locker room is the caretaker's office. He goes around before each meet, spilling oil on the floor and banana peels on the steps. He also has a supply of blown-out fuses to substitute just before half time. Outside of Lehigh, his life isn't worth a cent.

R and **S**—These are optimistically designed for those who can still play handball and squash after all these sterile years at Lehigh.

T—Every building must have its janitors and janitors have to have their place to complain about politics and the way they run the school. This is it.

U—These are the furnaces. The sole purpose of the furnaces is to heat the building. What else can you use a furnace for?

V—This is a storage room for worn-out tubas, football players on scholastic probation, broken down sportswriters, and old sports pages from the Brown and White.

W—The mystic letters, "THWL", translated into the modern idiom, means "To Hell With Lafayette". This has been a famous Lehigh drinking song for generations back. It is sung mostly at football games.

X—This is a mere sign of conscientiousness on the part of the architect. They are just pipes and have no special meaning at all except to keep the place warm.

Y—This represents an industrious member of the New Street Gang trying to erode himself a private entrance into the gym. He probably learned the art from his brother who is a regular attendant at the Eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia.

Six Poems. . .

_____ The one speaking
through the mouths of many . . .

_____ The many speaking
through the mouth of one . . .

THE NEW MOON

In the gentle glow of evening light
A golden crescent slowly dips
Reluctantly to pass from sight
Behind the forests fingertips.

Descend in lovely dignity
Behind the treetops fragile lace,
Before you lies eternity
You enter it with solemn grace.

●

EBENEZER

Ebenezer in the city,
And his heart was touched with
pity,
For the native who must stand
All this grime and smoke and sand,
All this dirty filth and waste,
Discarded by millions in their
haste.

He was annoyed by sight and smell,
He frowned and lit a cigarette
And said "Oh what the hell,
I only have one left" and tossed
the empty paek
Away to make more filth and paper
waste.

●

NOBILITY

The drums beat out a muffled
thunder
Rolling and rolling to the edge of
the hills.
The old man stood in the turn of
the road
And watched them pass.

"Go into the land of the other;
"Carry the battle to them;
"Show them the stuff you're made
of;
"Let them know that you're men."

The drums beat out a muffled
thunder
Rolling and rolling to the edge of
the hills.
The old man stood in the turn of
the road
And watched them pass.

"You're fighting a fight that is
noble;
"Light up the brands and the fag-
gots;
"Your death will be noble and
after—
"You'll meet the noblest of mag-
gots."

The drums beat out a muffled
thunder
Rolling and rolling to the edge of
the hills.
The old man stood in the turn of
the road
And watched them pass.

●

THE NEW MOON

EBENEZER SEA BEACH

A. M. SCHUYLER

NIGHT

DICK BERG

CREED

W. VOGELSBERG

NOBILITY

H. J. LEWIS

SEA BEACH

On a rock studded stony beach,
Where no life exists that eye can
reach.
All here is dead and all is peace.
All grief and sorrow seem to cease,
As though life were the only sor-
row.
Here no today and no tomorrow.
No daily toil, no crude commotion,
Tranquil waves the only motion,
Unconscious of the moving air,
As is the sleeper's windblown hair.

The mighty boulders standing
there,
Half in water, half in air,
At rest, ignoring wind and wave,
Not free, not chained as is the slave,
Not cursed with feeling, rest con-
tent.
Their time in peaceful sleep is
spent.
They are the dead that neither
laugh nor weep.
Their heaven everlasting sleep.

The shells and weeds are scattered
By waves that know they do not
matter.
Dead shells and seaweed here may
find
The peace for which they wept and
cried.
What were they to the sea?
A minute in eternity.
Upon the beach there is no life
but me.
And I'll be washed up by the sea.

NIGHT

Stealthily she comes,
Tearing from our clutching fingers
The beauty that once was Day;
Stripping Nature of its multi-
colored raiment,
Leaving behind a mere skeleton . . .
contorted, grotesque.
How I loathe her cloak of ugly
blackness
Made more ugly by the stain of a
false moon,
Whose reflected light is but a cruel
reminder of Day.
And yet the poets find her beauty
incomparable
But I am no poet and shall rot in
my prosaic Hell,
Feeling that they have been de-
ceived.



CREED

If one can fathom life with finite
rules,
Or plumb the depths of soul with
rods of steel,
And speak the breath of mnsic in
a word,
Or worlds of trnth with simple
saws reveal;
Then living is the work of fool's
desire
And men are wood upon a sea of
spite,
A God is but the dream of blood-
less stones—
And love is nought but folly in
the night.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A department created out of pure jealousy. Nobody ever sends us letters. We just make them up. In our letters column, nobody ever nominates Carothers for president; nobody asks students why don't they have school spirit. And we never get threatened with libel suits.

Dear Editor:

I would like to present to the readers of the LEHIGH REVIEW an account of my expenses for the past semester. I faithfully kept track of all the money I spent and was enabled to cut down appreciably on my expenses.

These are the figures for the first semester:

Tuition and fees	\$247.00
Room and board (approx.)	350.00
Beverages	50.00
Clothing	1.69
Gasoline	1.00
Amusements	.75
Movies	.35
Magazines	1.50
Candy and Ice Cream	.15
Incidentals	564.00
<hr/>	
Making a total of	\$1216.44

Perhaps the reader is interested in knowing how I kept my expenses down to this ridiculously low figure. Astonishingly enough, each one of you can do just as I did and end up the year with a nice bank balance.

You will notice first that I have kept my tuition down to rock bottom by refusing to take a course that has a lab fee. Most of the time this is a convenience. You will also notice that I have kept my room and board down to an absolute minimum. I live with some other fellows in a house on the campus and we chip in and hire a cook and buy everything we need. We've found that, by this method, we can live as cheaply as \$75 a month.

When I started to work on my budget the first thing that struck my eye was the extraordinary sums I was spending on beverages. After careful investigation I found that one can

make real savings by buying cases of twelve instead of individual bottles. That way I can make a case last me through more than half a semester.

A good tip on how to cut down on gasoline is to have a charge account and then have them send all the bills to your father. This will make him see how hard it is for a young man to support himself and yet keep up a lot of extracurricular activities. The small item of one dollar was due to an unfortunate circumstance late at night.

You will also notice how I have pared my amusement expenses down to the very bone, as well as the money spent for tidbits. Except for the rather large sum of incidentals, this budget is absolutely rockbottom for any college student. I would certainly like to see somebody beat it.

Joe Finance, '41



Dear Editor:

I live at one of the frat houses they have here at Lehigh and, let me tell you, everything isn't like they said it was going to be. They said that the local chapter was the biggest in the whole fraternity. All I say is if that two-room shoebox is their biggest chapter, then the rest of them must be paragraphs.

We come back from the Christmas vacation filled with the Christmas spirit and what do we find? Hanh? We got

ice in the living room, that's what we got, with everybody shivering like a freshman at a peepshow and the cook sitting in the kitchen with her feet in the stove trying to keep warm.

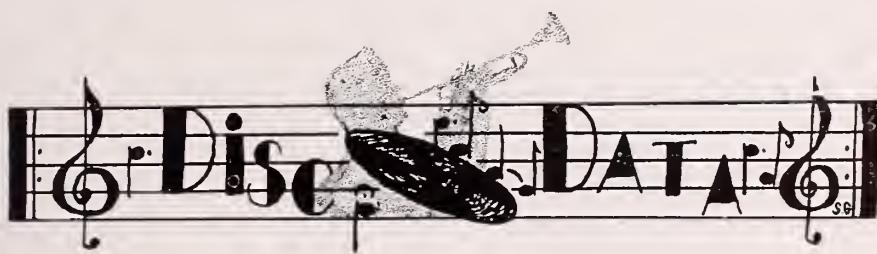
And they call that fraternity life. They tell us that the pipes froze. Ha! It's the mice. The mice went downstairs and shut off the furnace because they were getting too warm in their little nesties. The goddam mice run the whole place around here. We caught one paddling the bejesus out of a freshman and right after the Dean said, "Hey fellows! Let's have no more of this paddling now. Hanh!"

All night long the mice have Olympics in the walls and ceilings while an honest man is trying to get some sleep. They run all over the kitchen, chasing the cook out in the cold like a dog and then they take sliced bread up in their little holes in the third floor where they sit and munch all day long. We had a dog once to chase the mice but he only had one eye and anyway he got bronchitis and went to a hospital where he is yet for all we know.

The wiring is so bad that if you don't put the plug in straight, the whole thing blows up in your face like a Roman candle. If you turn on two lights at once the fuse blows out in the cellar and you have to run downstairs and take a fuse away from a freshman's room. It happens so often that three freshmen flunked out the first semester, setting a new record for Rho Pi Tau, and incidentally for Lehigh university, num-num.

Three times a year when a guy's trying to study, the fellows bring in a bunch of frowzy-looking women and call it a houseparty or something. I

Letters from our readers will be published in the Lehigh Review at the usual rates of \$1.25 an inch.
The Editor



by Stan Gilinsky '40

WITH recordings reaching the unfortunate stage where consistency is an almost forgotten virtue, one Charley Barnet and his knock-em-down and drag-em-out torrid crew has repeatedly set a constant standard with a plethora of platters. Whether it be a solid four beat Basie screamer, a typical Ellington opus, or a standard ballad, Charlie's boys have rocked on their toes and let loose a barrage of well balanced, evenly arranged tempos.

Criticism has been leveled against his killer-diller tendencies, but to his credit it may be said that one finds them mostly in the best of taste, leaning always toward a combination of negroid blend and Millerish mechanism. The recent newly found jump in the band has been supplied for the most part by a refugee from the Shaw and T. Dorsey chain-em-down gangs, Cliff Leeman. He demonstrates his originality in *Comanche War Dance* through an unusual effect on the tom-tom by using an authentic African tribal beat he picked up after hearing the Victor album of drum symphonies recorded in Africa.

The backing, *Tappin' at the Tappa*, is an example of the happy medium the band uses with the boss-man showing his versatility on the alto and tenor sax, followed by the off-tone blasting of Bob Burnett. In a demonstration of fire engine speed he plays havoc with his namesake in *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charley* and with things under control relaxes with the ensembles in *Southland Shuffle*. Displaying a pretty yet rhythmic looseness *Now You Know* sung by Mary Ann McCall demonstrates his popular offerings. (All Bl.)

Herman Herd

Attracting unusual attention has been the stampede of the Woody Herman herd. They display humor and prowess in an unconventional treatment of an old high school commencement march,

dubbing it *Blues on Parade* and then boot harder with the *East Side Kick*. Even more unbelieving is their basic simplicity in dealing with ballads. The usual boring triteness takes on a new meaning in *Love's Got Me Down, It's My Turn Now; This Changing World; The Rhumba Jumps; Peace Brother, On the Isle of May*. Similar sensible treatment of the pops by other leaders will go a long way toward relieving the monotony of the modern dance band. (Decca.)

Scott Promotion

Being the object of an intensive advertising campaign, Raymond Scott's new full sized band will not disappoint the quintet fans with their well planned versions of *Just a Gigolo; Huckleberry Duck, Business Man's Bounce; Peanut Vendor*. Columbia seems to be planning big things for this outfit and so does Raymond. Still tops in the Columbia realm, however, is King of Swing Goodman with a new commercial lightness displayed in *Heaven in My Arms; That Lucky Fellow*, and *Busy as a Bee* which introduces Helen Forrest. His dependable and well executed swing is found in *Stealin' Apples; Opus Local 802*, and *Zaggin' With the Zig* featuring some amazing trumpet technique by Ziggy Elman.

Without giving the critics a chance to recover from their recent surprise Gene Krupa springs back with two amazingly balanced and arranged pops in a *Lover Is Blue; I've Got My Eyes on You*. Donahue's tenor and the ensemble work are very tasty.

James to Varsity

Historical events claim chief importance in the Varsity-Royale studios. Along the line of ancient history the Hot Jazz department dragged into a recording studio, for the first time in twelve years, W. C. Handy to record

page twenty-one, please

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TENNIS BALLS**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . .

from page sixteen

know what they want those girls for and some day they're going to be caught at it and I don't care what happens to them because they ought to know better.

I think that frat houses should stop making out what they aren't. In the house across the street, twelve freshmen joined up because there were such a nice bunch of fellows in the house already. After they pledged, they found out that all but two of the brothers were from the Lafayette chapter. Now they have twelve freshmen in the house and one sophomore and one senior. A couple of weeks ago they had Hell Week. The freshmen took the two brothers out in the middle of the Chesapeake Bay, dumped them off without a cent in their pockets, and told them to find their way home. Nobody ever heard of them again. I wish I could join that fraternity.

Frustrated, '43



Dear Editor:

I am a chemical engineer and very unhappy about the whole thing. I have only been a chemical engineer for a year and a half and already they are playing tricks on me. I don't like it very much.

I spend most of my time in the chemistry building and it seems to me that they could fix it up so it doesn't smell so much. Also it seems to me they could take one of the Cottrell precipitators they're always talking about and use it to clean some of the dog-gone smoke out of the building. I have to wear glasses and from two o'clock to four o'clock in the afternoons I can't see much of anything at all. One time when I was working late they almost had to build a new chemistry building because I took the wrong bottle off the shelf. Luckily one of the little men who live around there and are used to the smoke galloped up to me and grabbed the bottle out of my hand. I couldn't see the man but I think it was one of those old men who hide behind the counters in the supply departments.

They also have very peculiar ways of teaching courses in the chemistry

department. A chemistry professor once told me that the only reason they had an Arts college was to take the men who flunked out of Chemical engineering. He seemed very happy about something. He told me anyone who would take an English course when he didn't have to wouldn't get very far in *this* world.

Anyway about the teaching, I think the chemistry professors play some sort of an unusual game to see how many fellows they can flunk per course per semester. I don't know exactly what kind of a scoring system they use, but I think they get extra bonuses for the fellows who rank high in the freshman psychological placement tests.

They use all kinds of tricks to keep fellows from getting high marks. I know. There is a professor who writes on the blackboard with one hand and erases with the other hand. This works very well when the professor manages to keep himself between the board and most of the students. They also play games in the qualitative analysis lab. One fellow I know had only barium in one of his unknowns and he spent four weeks, working eight hours a day with Sunday mornings off trying to precipitate the barium out. He used to dry out the precipitate in little buckets and then cart it outside in a wheelbarrow. He is now majoring in English.

There is another man who works in the quantitative analysis lab who helps you with your experiments and knocks off all your beakers with his elbow. It seems to me that he concentrates more on his elbows than he does on the experiment because my experiments never come out right when he does them anyway. It is very funny to me because this same fellow is the one you take them to to see if the answer is right and he always bawls me out for doing the experiment wrong. I can't understand them very much around there.

Mr. Editor, I hope you run an editorial in your magazine to ask them to take the smell and the smoke out of the chemistry building. I suppose it would be too much to hope for to ask if they would take some of the professors out, too.

Anguished, '42



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The winning short story will be submitted to the "Redbook" short story contest—\$500 for the best short story printed in any college magazine in the United States.

\$5.00 —for the best article on a current topic—political, economy, social or literary (2000-3000 words).

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***Classical
Recordings***

Reviewed for
the Students

Welcomed newcomers to the field of recorded classical music are the recent records issued under the Royale label by the United States Record Corporation. The go-getting manager of this new outfit shows almost an unerring taste in the numbers he chooses to record. The only bone we have to pick with him is the way he ruins a record with the voice of that ten-cent store tenor, Jan Peerce.

Since the new company is dealing with a lower-priced record and since they are new in the field, they have been wise to work with small ensembles in the modern vein. There is one group of four violins, accompanied by harpsichord, 'cellos, and bass, that do some excellent work on a concerto by Leonardo Leo. The four short movements are on two ten-inch records. (Royale 1826-27.)

Another small group, the York string quartet, does some really masterful work on a new and fascinating opus by the Russian Shostakovich. It is an altogether rewarding record for those who wish to become more familiar with the modern idiom.

On the ten-inch Royale black seal records, there are some sides well worth looking into. I.e. *Three Brahms Waltzes*, played by Clifford Herzer and Jascha Zayde in a piano duet. Other side is *Romance*, taken from a "Suite for Two Pianos" by Arensky. *Rondo* and *Menuet* from "Sonata in A Major" by Mehul. All very good. But not Peerce.

One of our heelers confessed he'll start thinking about marriage when he finds a girl who will consider her engagement ring as a learner's permit.

— *Observer*

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DISC DATA . . .

from page seventeen

versions of his famous *St. Louis Blues* and *Beale St. Blues*. The results indicate they threw him out, but credit should be given to a noble attempt to record the writer for posterity.

Back in the twentieth century we find the Varsity label coming up with Harry James and Jack Teagarden, and giving every indication of being a serious threat to the big three supremacy. Harry's debut is with the current Harlem favorite, *Tuxedo Junction*, done to a fine brown with a Jimmy Mundy arrangement and hot solos by Davey Matthews on alto and Vido Musso on tenor. Backing is a dreamy South Sea island opus featuring the James trumpet. Teagarden is content to introduce his thoroughly revised band with *You, You Darling; The Moon and the Willow Tree* with vocals by the Philadelphia thrush, Kitty Kallen.

Dis 'n Data

An unbelievable and almost unrecognizable Tommy Dorsey succumbs to the Lunceford influence in the dynamic *Losers Weepers* and keeps you gasping with his treatment of Trummie Young figures in *Easy Does It*. (V.) Lunceford doesn't do so bad on his own hook with *Wham! Lunceford Special. Liza; I Used to Love You. Put It Away; Uptown Blues*. If we must select a favorite it's *Put*. (Vo.)

Bobby Byrne has come up with a nice outfit showing off to good advantage his delicate tromboning in *One Cigarette for Two* and *Two Little Doodle Bugs*. Teddy Powell proves his sensation of last month was no flash in the pan with *Pussy in the Corner; Some Day*. (D.)

Georgie Auld and Kay Foster handling the vocals show they don't need Artie Shaw in *Juke Box Jump; This Is Romance. Angel; I Want My Mama*. Only fault is a tendency of Auld to overplay but this in turn is overshadowed by Les Robinson's alto. Lennie Hayton uses his arranging talents to good advantage in *Peg O' My Heart; As Long As I Live*. (Va.) Varsity's prize Hot Jazz chamber group, the Varsity Seven, with Joe Turner as vocalist or rather blues shouter, made

their best sides yet with *How Long Blues; Pom Pom*.

Jan Savitt shows his band's versatility and negro temperament with *Kansas City Moods; Tuxedo Junction. Make Love With a Guitar; Imagination*. (D.)

Glenn Miller loses none of his prestige with *Ooh! What You Said; Beg Your Pardon. The Sky Fell Down; Give A Little Whistle*, and no doubt will gain many followers with his special release of the rhythmic *Tuxedo Junction* and the soft and sweet *Danny Boy*. (Bl.)

Ray McKinley and the Will Bradley band have finally recorded some tunes that do them justice, *Celery Stalks At Midnight* and *Boogie Nocturne*, are a pair of originals, and the famous *Jit-town Blues*. Columbia is due to release them any day now.

Rex Irving, still in keeping along the Raymond Scott line, has just recorded *Gossip; Second Avenue Clambake*, both cleverly portraying stories in music. (Roy.)

Decca has released some interesting albums featuring Frances Langford, Deanna Durbin, Harry Horlick playing Victor Herbert, and a group of songs sung in the South American Way by the new star, Carmen Miranda.



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Lehigh has three student publications:

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Yearbook, founded in 1875.

The Brown and White—
Newspaper, founded 1894.

The Review—
Magazine, founded 1927.

Each year nearly 200 students join the staffs of these publications. They work long hours not only for the honor or money which they might get but also for the fun and training.

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WILL THEY REPEAT . . .

from page nine

although Boyer of Lehigh may have a thing or two to say before the weekend is over. The latter, another sophomore, has had two draws this year but he has improved with every bout and may well be a powerhouse by the time the Easterns roll around. Weight shifts will combine to mix this class up in great fashion.

Penn's Tischler may very well drop down to put in an appearance. Princeton probably will have Eberle or Hardin on the line, depending on the selection at 128 with an outside chance that Carothers may take the drop. At any rate Gleason will be the man to stop.

Who will take the team title? That's a big question and one which can hardly be answered at this point in the season. At the present time it looks like a duel between Lehigh and Penn State as it has been in so many of the past Easterns. Lehigh is slightly the underdog with a large number of sophomores making their initial appearance in the big meet. Just what they do will probably decide the final outcome.

At any rate there will be no big score piled up by any team this year. The points should be well divided, with a new emphasis on runner-up positions and falls in the early bouts. A few points either way will make all the difference in the final reckoning.

And that's the figures as the teams hit into the last three weeks of competition before the big drive up to Syracuse gets under way. To attempt to prophesize victors either for individual or team titles at this point would be suicide. You've got the dope, you pick 'em. But don't shout too loudly, it's going to be mighty close.

•

"Mama, do angels have wings?"

"Yes, dear," replied mother.

"And can angels fly, mama?"

"Yes, dear."

"Daddy said nurse was an angel last night. Then will she fly?"

"Tomorrow," replied the mother.

—Purple Parrot

•

"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the past three days."

"Did you ever try bran?"

—Urchin

•

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CHAIRMEN . . .

from page eleven

feet tall, and if they could talk intelligently to the interviewer for ten minutes. They stressed the fact that a man was first and foremost a guide, who could meet people and could make a favorable impression on them, and could explain accurately anything located within the confines of the Fair grounds.

Pushing a chair—although it meant walking an average of 20 miles a day—was incidental. New men hired as guides were launched at once upon a seven-day training course. At the end of that time they were supposed to have seen everything at the Fair and memorized what they had seen. At the same time their legs were to be developed sufficiently to hold up under actual working conditions.

The chairs rented for a dollar an hour per person. Different size chairs accommodated one, two, or three persons. The latter were motor driven. Fair goers who could afford the luxury of a ride and the accompanying guide tour were limited to about one person in 25 who came through the turnstiles. Guides had not been on the job long before they could spot potential customers. It came naturally as a result of experience.

Extremely tired visitors—and there were tens of thousands of them—saw great appeal in a comfortable, leather-cushioned chair. They could be detected from the rear by their arched backs and shuffling gait and from the front when they looked at the chair as a starved dog looks at a bone. The guide would steer his chair over in their direction, grin at them and say, "See the Fair in a guide chair."

After a time when guides took their job less seriously, the sales talk would usually blossom into something like, "Listen to the plea of those tired dogs of yours, madam, and sit right down here in my chair," or "Get a smooth, cultured college man to explain this colossal aggregation to you, madame" or even "It's a crime to make your valiant little wife walk around in that condition, sir; I appeal to your chivalrous instincts, take a guide chair."

Usually they grinned back, passed some remark, and walked on. But occasionally it worked and a ride resulted.

Most of the time, however, guides cruised around, walking or driving very slowly with walkers draped over the back of their chairs. Looking neither to the right or to the left they shuffled along appearing oblivious to all that went on around them. Suddenly their slumbers would be interrupted as someone dislodged himself from the crowd, sat his wife down in the chair with a "plunk" and hopped in himself. This implies, and correctly so, that getting rides is 90% chance or being at the right place at the right time. A guide getting ten to twelve rides in a day was not scorned by his fellows as a failure. Commissions ranging from 17½ to 40% (depending upon the type of chair) and tips (depending upon the type of person) combined to give the guide his income. Guides were paid a minimum wage of 25 cents an hour whether they earned it or not. Guides were known to have received tips as high as \$10 and cases are on record where others were offered positions outside the Fair by a pleased customer.

Keeping a customer in the chair as long as possible was the art of the guide's profession. The longer the ride, the larger the commission and the tip. To get the occupant interested in something was the means toward this end. Perhaps it was a certain phase of the Fair. Often, however, it was some other subject—usually himself, or even his guide. The idea of a student working his way through college appealed to many and the details of the guide's life, particularly his college work was interesting to many customers—more often women. Another way of prolonging a ride was to get a customer talking about himself. As a result guides found most customers to be pretty interesting people. They were well off financially and usually expressed an interest in the finer things at the Fair. Regardless of their rather high economic level, customers were of all types. Classifying them roughly, typical personalities might be said to include:

Women who come out to the Fair with children or in the company of other women. Notoriously poor tippers. Usually expressing an interest in the guide's private life. Memories here

page twenty-four, please

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CHAIRMEN . . .

from page twenty-three

return to the middle-aged mother who hated merry-go-rounds. Her ten-year-old daughter, however, did not. Result: your author spent two hours riding on one keeping the little tot dizzy.

Successful business man who came to the Fair stag or in the company of another like him with the idea of stealing Mr. Whalen's front gate. They would stop at every other bar and take in girl shows in the Amusement area. They were by far the best tippers and therefore the most sought-after customers. Memories of the author go back at this point to an evening spent riding in his own chair all over the Fair grounds while two puffing captains of industry found ecstasy in pushing the chair around the grounds stopping only at bars along the way.



PATH OF GLORY . . .

from page ten

Gamely "Bronnie" Jones fought for all that he holds American, and an estimated number of twelve Communists fell from the lashing blows of his fists before his cowardly assailants mortally injured him, leaving him, his head a bloody wreck, lying on the seat of his small sports roadster. Jones bears the . . .

The other papers displayed various degrees of fervour and righteous indignation. The weekly news magazines presented a more artistic story. *Tempo* eulogized with:

American Student Bronson Jones lies in the hospital, a victim

STUDENT LUNCHES . . .

. . . See Our Viso-Draft Beer System

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of the fast growing seeds of Communism. Jones's case demonstrates clearly that . . .

America's Favorite Pictorial Weekly *Sight* ran a headline of "American Youth vs. Red Menace" over a series of blurred photographs purporting to be the actual battle.

J. Bronson Jones being by nature a very modest chap did his best to deny the mantle of heroism that had enfolded him. This served only to send the newspapers into fresh spasms of cheering for this brave boy's modesty and courage. Idealized biographies appeared overnight. He learned for the first time that ever since his boyhood he had been a champion of the American Ideal. He read with considerable amazement an account of how at twelve he had soundly thrashed an older bully who had dared to spit on the flag.

Gushing female feature writers from slick publications and glib syndicated columnists descended upon him in droves. He endorsed three brands of breakfast food and two kinds of cigarettes and received for this five very sizable checks.

A theatrical agent kindly took over the management of his future and as soon as he completes the motion picture, "America Forever Free" he will make a lecture tour of the United States speaking principally to woman's clubs.

After the tour is completed he is considering taking the position of chief European correspondent for the International Press Association. That is if the duties as such allow him sufficient time to complete his book, "My First Twenty Years."



A CLEAR PICTURE OF A HOUSE

Fraternity: A group of college men, the main purpose of whose career is to gather all the moss possible while rolling-through life in the old man's limousine. Each fraternity has a pin. The size of the pin ranks the fraternity.

Pledgee: An unfortunate thing, who in a moment of rashness, allowed himself to become connected in a menial capacity to a fraternity. He can be distinguished by his apologetic air, and a little dingus called a pledge pin which is worn on the lapel of his coat.

Fraternity House: A place where the rushees are lead to be converted into pledges, where all house parties are held, and most important of all, the place where the pledgee has the tar beaten out of him at initiation.

Fraternity Pin: It has been previously explained that the size of the pin determines the standing of the fraternity, but it would be well to state here that the smallest pin in the world, if worn by Hedy Lamarr, raises the fraternity's grade at least 300 per cent.

Alumnus: The idol of the pledges and the bane of the brothers existence. He is generally conceded to be the biggest pail of cold water that has ever been thrown on the fraternity. It may be particular appropos to state here that when the house needs new plumbing, he is usually called upon to furnish what is variously termed the long green, filthy lucre, or the old B. R.



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IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

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DEAR JACK

Jan. 5, 1939.

Dear Jack:

It happened last night. I walked into the room and there she was. I spent the whole evening trying to find someone to introduce us, but dizzy Mable whom I brought wouldn't let me out of her sight. Just wait and see I'll meet her, yet.

Your Pal.
Bert.

Jan. 11, 1939.

Dear Jack:

I met her. And she's more wonderful than I even thought. What a little actress; I know darn well she likes me, but she wouldn't let me know. She's just trying that old stand-offish stuff, but I know I got her. She seemed sort of embarrassed to find out what a big shot I am as she tried to change the subject all the time. I wanted to walk her home, but she said she had arranged with her father to take her home. That was sort of funny because after she left me I heard her telephone her home and ask her father to meet her. I guess he had forgotten all about it.

As ever.
Bert.



Jan. 15, 1939.

Dear Jack:

At last I got that date. It happened in a funny way. I kept calling her, but she was always busy. One day, though, she sort of hinted that she wanted to go out with me. She asked me what I was doing Saturday night, and I told her nothing. Then she asked me what I was doing next Saturday night, and when I told her again I wasn't doing anything, she asked me why I didn't try taking a bath. I guess maybe she was leading up to arranging a standing date for Saturday nights, but she was too bashful to tell me. I asked her if she was free any night, but Tuesday, and she told me she took zither lessons, and only went out Tuesdays. So I asked her to a formal next Tuesday. She sort of liked that and agreed to break her standing date, just to go out with me. Oh boy!

Your Pal.
Bert.

Jan. 22, 1939.

Dear Jack:

Well, it's all over. I found out she was not the girl for me, so I gave her the air. Gosh I did everything to give her a good time, too, and all I got was a bunch of dirty looks.



My Uncle Walt gave me some tickets for the Undertakers' Convention which was having its grand ball, on Tuesday. I didn't tell her about it because I wanted to surprise her. She

was amazed and for a moment she couldn't say a word. When she recovered her tongue, she didn't say anything anyhow. She said she needed a drink, so I got her a coke. I wondered if someone died, because she acted like she had a great sorrow. I then found out it cost a buck extra to dance, so I suggested we sit around and watch for a while. I was in the middle of my hitch-hiking story, when she got a headache, and she wanted to go home. I got a little sore because I enjoy listening to the music. I guess she just isn't the intellectual type. It was beautiful out, so I suggested walking her home. It was only twenty blocks. Well, I thought she'd explode, and I didn't exactly like it when she handed me carfare and then hailed a cab and went home alone. As you can see, I guess we don't click, so I'm giving her the air.

Your friend.
Bert.

Professor: Why were you away yesterday?

Student: I was ill.

Professor: Have you a medical certificate?

Student: No—I was really ill.

First Cannibal: Is I late for dinner?"

Second C: Yes, you is. Everybody's eaten.

Coed: I had a date with an absent-minded professor last night.

Coed No. 2: How do you know he's absent-minded?

Coed: He gave me a zero this morning.

LETTER FROM EUROPE . . .

from page seven

I've already started on the hock-shops. You ought to see them! You see, up to a few months ago a thinly disguised system of serfdom was still in style around here. The Polish aristocracy owned huge estates all around the city and they used to come from the various fashionable capitals of Europe in the summer to hunt and whatnot. The reason the city hasn't changed any is because these people drained the countryside of all money and with this money they bought all kinds of highly valuable knick-knacks with which they decorated their mansions while the peasants lived like pigs, lighting their mud huts with home-made candles. Anyway, when the Ruskies came over not long ago with their six-rooms-with-bath-and-two-car-garage-attached tanks (and I saw some of these tanks . . . they made the whole hotel tremble when they went roaring up the street . . . but I'll have to tell you about that when I get back) these Polish aristocrats had to raise cash quickly to buy a hunk of stale bread and enough gas to beat it out of here . . . so there are scores of hock-shops here and there and everything in the way of furs, ancient silver samovars, ivory and gold mah-jong sets, crested jewelled cigarette boxes, persian rugs, Leica cameras, etc., etc., is piled higeldy-pigeldy all over the counters.

And then even more stuff was thrown on the market recently when the Poles discovered that the Lithuanian government has set the value of the zlot at practically nothing and confiscated all of the large estates . . . so even with my slim pocket-book I've managed to acquire a nifty little Leica (model IIIb with a Summitar 1:2 lens).

And I've got my eye on a silver samovar which looks like it could hold fifteen gallons of tea . . . but I still haven't figured out what it might be good for . . . though it might make a helluva nice inter-fraternity football trophy . . .

But like everything else, living in Vilnius has its drawbacks. For one thing, one never knows from one night to the next when a hurriedly stoked tile stove will start generating carbon monoxide and leave one deader than a herring by morning. Every so often

one reads in the papers that someone else has kicked off because the maid closed the damper too soon. (I still haven't figured out quite how these things work but I do know that you can't close the damper until there are no more blue flames among the hot coals . . . or else . . .) Or you can take your chances of freezing to death instead . . .

And then there's always the feeling that you're going to be stabbed in the back by some ultra-patriotic Pole. In Kaunas we used to work ourselves up into a lather over an American motion picture but here we get all the excitement we want simply by going into any public place and speaking Lithuanian. Poland's hate for Lithuania was exceeded only by Lithuania's hate for Poland for centuries . . . so now the twenty or thirty thousand Polish patriots (and I mean *patriots* who take their politics seriously enough to kill themselves or someone else over them) can't stand the thought of being governed by people whom they've always considered unworthy of polishing their boots . . . so where-ever I go now people mistake me for a "Litewski svolach" and there's always much muttering and glowering and whatnot. Besides that, every time I make the trip to or from Kaunas I keep remembering that four attempts have been made in the past month to jimmy the tracks and wreck the train . . . and when I go to the University (I've transferred from the Kaunas U.) I can't quite forget that bombs have been discovered in the tile stoves which heat the class-rooms . . . and just in time too . . .

But things aren't really as bad as all these things might make it sound . . . there's a swarm of soldiers all over the city all night (we're not allowed on the streets after eleven) and atrocities, riots, etc. are becoming more and more rare . . . and during the day time there's always a policeman or a soldier (they always patrol in pairs) in sight.

But even so I'd sooner go without my pants than without my good old U. S. passport . . . just in case . . .

Speaking of passports reminds me of all the trouble Uncle Sam is going to to keep us Americans from sticking our noses where we're not supposed to . . . and to get us home where we wouldn't

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LETTER FROM EUROPE . . .

from page twenty-seven

be giving our consuls gray hairs. Those of us that are left here were duly notified that unless we had some darned good reasons for sticking around our passports would be null and void after December 31, 1939. Out of that handful over half got worried over this and left . . . and the rest of us applied for validations.

And those of us who were lucky enough to get our passports validated, got them extended for a maximum of six months (I told old man Gufler that I had no money, that the Lithuanian government won't pay my way back until June, so either he sends for a battleship to take me home or I stay until then.) Anyway, my pass is good until the middle of June. By that time I guess I'll really be tired of drinking boiled water, bathing once a month, eating boiled meat with boiled potatoes day in and day out, and whatnot and finally beat it back to juicy steaks, fresh fruits and vegetables, ventilated restaurants, movies, books, magazines, and all the things I used to take for granted before I had to live with people who haven't dared dream of a tenth of the luxury or a hundredth of the freedom we have in the States.

Incidentally, a sure cure for any of the bellyachers in the States . . . the Communists, the Nazis, and all the rest . . . would be to give them a two-year stipend like I got. After living out here for a few months they'd all go scurrying back with their tails between their legs. I've been close enough to Communism and Naziism (and even the so-called "democratic" countries are very little better) to see what they mean to the ordinary people. "The rotten-ness of American politics and the cruelty of American free-for-all business" is a heaven for the people compared to what they have out here. And I'd personally like to kick the pants off of every person in America who doesn't know how to count his blessings. But again I'll have to tell you about the things I've seen when I see you. (And you'll have to understand that I can't tell you about anything . . . in writing . . . concerning politics or the war or anything like that because such stuff is much frowned upon these days.)

Have I written you since I started

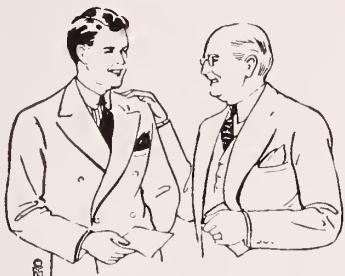
working for Donald Day and the Chicago Tribune? He came down from Riga when the Germans and the Russians began raising Cain in the Vilnius territory, before it was known that it would be given over to the Lithuanians. After sending two dispatches the Lithuanian censors took offense at something he said and booted him out of the country . . . so he hired me to work for him on the sly . . . but yes . . . I remember now . . . I did mention it. Anyway, when trouble started brewing up in Finland my boss went up there and at the same time it was discovered that I was working for him so I was told to stop or else. But that didn't matter much because Finland took the news spotlight and nobody gave a damn about Lithuania anymore anyway so that was that. So now I've managed to sneak a couple of letters out to the Newark Evening News . . . sensational "eye-witness" stuff about suicides on the Polish border, captured German airmen, what's gonna happen to Lithuania now that she has her precious Vilnius back, etc. Maybe you saw them. And the funny part of it is that they seem to like them and want more but I'm afraid that will have to be all for a while. But maybe . . .

Otherwise I've done very little other than spend my spare time wandering around, writing letters, writing and tearing up odds and ends in the way of short stories, and planning and re-planning exactly what I'm going to eat, what I'm going to drink, what I'm going to buy, what I'm going to do, etc., during my first week back in New York . . . you can't possibly imagine what a wonderful feeling it is to know that I can and will go back to wallow in unspeakable luxury (comparatively speaking) while I can't turn around here without bumping into princesses and paupers, millionaires and maids, who would and offer to sell their souls for an American passport and the right to beg in the streets of New York . . . but who are doomed to all this around me.

But here here! We're getting too serious. I'd better stop before I start bellowing the Star Spangled Banner.

So until next time or until I drop in at your office,

Sincerely,
Janulis



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